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DECEMBER, 1991 \$4.95 U.S. \$6.95 CANADA

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EDITION**

**EXOTIC
VICTORIAN
CORSETS**

**SHOCKING,
UNSHAVED SOPHIA**

**ANOTHER
GLIMPSE IN
THE CHANGING
ROOM**



INTENDED FOR
MATURE READERS
OVER THE AGE OF 18



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LEG FORUM

STEPPING FORWARD

Dear LEG SHOW:

I'll never forget the first time I slipped into a pair of high heels. I had never had any interest in them before, and had always wondered why so many women wore them. A friend and I went out to a nightclub in a local hotel in town. We are both attractive, but I am sure that I am more attractive than my friend. We were both sitting at the bar in our mini skirts, but she was getting all the attention. I couldn't understand why so I tried to get the guys to notice me. I started making eyes at the men as they walked up, but they still always went to her and she wasn't really even trying. Finally I asked her what I was doing wrong.

She said that she wished she had legs like mine and that I just needed to learn how to present them. She suggested that I try a pair of her high heels and see what happened. We left for her apartment and she picked out a pair of 4½ inch black heels that were the slide type.

When we got back to the bar she reached in her purse and gave me an ankle bracelet to wear with them. When we sat down, all the men were looking at my legs now. The shoes made me feel sexy, and this time I was getting all the attention. I was amazed at the difference. Men that had walked right by me before now stopped in their tracks when they saw me.

Then my friend said it was time to learn how to get even more from my new shoes. She told me to watch

what she did and then for me to do the same. She pointed one of her shoes, or let it dangle, and the guys were right back to looking at her. I watched all her little games and then I did the same. Well, let me just say that I could have had any man in that place after I followed her.

Now I always wear high heels and I don't even own any flats. I am so glad that she showed me how high heels can make so much of a difference. Now when I go to a nightclub I'm never overlooked and I always enjoy myself. My high heels give me so much more confidence in myself and I can get any man that I want.

Brenda Collins

CASTING CALL



Dear Diana:

Thanks for a great magazine. Foot and leg lovers have to love it!

In a recent letter from a Mr. M.S., he expressed his interest in females with casted legs and feet. I too find an attractive leg or foot extremely exciting when it is encased in a cast. Several months back I met a young lady who lives in my apartment complex who had recently had a fall and cast that extended from her toes to her hip. I immediately was turned on, and asked her out the next time I saw her. She accepted.

We returned to her apartment after dinner and a show and had a drink on her sofa. She propped her casted leg up in my lap. I had been

hard all night, but now I could barely control myself. After I massaged her toes for several minutes she asked me if I was turned on by her cast. I was embarrassed and denied it, but she called me a liar and said that she had seen me looking at her toes all evening. When I finally admitted that I was turned on by her cast she asked me if I would mind sucking her swollen toes. She said that she had wanted someone to suck them ever since she had gotten her cast.

I immediately responded by gently lifting her casted foot to my mouth and devouring each of her swollen digits. The wonderful smell of her casted foot caused me to almost cum in my pants.

Needless to say, we had a wonderful evening of sex. She kept her cast after her leg healed and now models it for me. I adore eating her and sucking every inch of her legs and feet while she teases me with her casted leg.

Recently, she told me she would like to "take" a broken leg so that she could wear a cast for several weeks. We need suggestions on what medical supplies to buy for a cast and any application suggestions. Hopefully, M.S. or someone can help.

P.S. We both loved the pictures of Tammy in the cast.

C.D.

PAST PERFECT



Dear Diana:

My first sexual stocking ex-

perience happened when I was 18 years old. I was visiting my grandparents' home in Canton, Ohio. There were a few petting experiences that I had with girls my own age in the past, where the girls would let me stroke their legs to the tops of their stockings, but that was about it.

That summer in Canton, my mother's friend, Irene, was always coming to the house when we were there. She was 38 years old, with long red hair and very attractive to me. The major attraction was her stockings and heels. Irene always wore spiked sandals with reinforced heel and toe nylons. They were always black or taupe. I had to lay on my stomach when she was there, so I could look at her legs and at the same time hide my erection. She used to catch me all the time looking at her feet and legs and I got the im-

pression that she liked it because she would sometimes smooth out her nylons all the way to the garter when we were in the room alone. The year was 1967. Irene drove a 1956 Chevrolet Bel Air. It was a man and had a stick shift. God I loved that car. Having just gotten a driver's license, Irene offered me an opportunity to drive her car. My mother didn't want me to drive it but Irene was insistent.

There was a large park not far from the house which everyone thought would be the best place to drive. During the ride from the house, Irene kept letting her dress ride up to the tops of her black nylons as she shifted gears, and I couldn't take my eyes off her legs. As we entered the park there was a small dirt road off the main road which went back through the trees. I really got excited when she stopped about 40 yards in. She said her legs around toward me and said "You like my legs don't you? Would you like to touch them?"

My face must have dropped a foot and I told her yes. I started to stroke her feet and calves. She told me to rub higher, up to her thighs, and as I did she placed her foot in the crotch of my shorts. As soon as I felt her foot I came in my pants. I was so embarrassed. She immediately leaned over and kissed me, placing her tongue in my mouth. She asked me to touch her between her legs, but I was hesitant, so she took my



hand and placed it on her crotch. We continued to kiss and she started to moan. I thought the whole world was going to hear us. Irene told me to take off her panties—it was the first time I had ever seen a real vagina. I pushed my head down between her legs and told me to kiss her. She was so wet and she kept pushing my head so hard that I could hardly breathe. She started to scream "Put your tongue inside me!" As I did I could feel a flood of her juices all over my face and she was bucking up and down. Then she tensed and relaxed.

After a few minutes Irene asked me if I ever had anyone put their mouth on me. I replied no. She leaned over and unzipped my shorts, which were still damp from before. She placed her mouth directly over my cock and wrapped her hand around the base of my shaft. Her mouth and hand worked in a single motion for all of about one minute until I came in her mouth. Not one drop escaped her lips as she continued to suck me. Then she sat up, started the car and drove to one of the park rest rooms. She told me to go in and wash my face and clean myself up. I must have waited for her for twenty minutes, but when she came out she looked fresh as a daisy.

The ride back to the house was the strangest part of the whole evening. Irene told me that she only could have sex with young guys and she would never let them fuck her. Irene told me that she had never been married because when she was young she had been raped by her brother-in-law who was about ten years older than her. She also stated that no man would ever enter her again. She also told me that there were three other young men in her apartment building which she had sex with on a regular basis. She also told me that she did not want to have sex with me because of her relationship with my mother but she could not help herself. The last thing she told me was about the power of nylon stockings and high heels. She said she knew how much it turned men on. Especially the men in her office. She used it as a tease, but would never go out with any of the men. Irene said if I did not say anything to anyone about the evening that we could do it again, which was enough incentive for me to keep quiet.

I never did see Irene after that summer. She moved to Michigan and used to write my mother and asked how we all were, especially me. That night had changed me

She looked down at me and told me how wonderful that was. She wanted me to continue to stroke her stockings while she rested. After a few minutes she asked me if I would lick her again, only this time slower and gentler. As I made love to her, she constantly directed all my activities and had another orgasm.

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forever in more ways than one. It is ironic that Irene had a fetish for young guys and that for a long time in my life that I had one for older women in garter belts, stockings and heels, but that's another story. I would love to hear from others who have had a similar experience with an older woman in garter belt and nylons.

W.F.
P.O. Box 30585
Philadelphia, PA 19103

FOOT BOY HERO



Dear Dian:

I am writing to tell you a story which I never thought could or would happen to me. It's about an experience I had with a young lady on our block named Jennifer L. She is a strawberry blonde, nineteen year old, spoiled brat. Although she was very pretty she was not a very nice person. She always used her looks to her advantage to get whatever she wanted, and she always got it. She cared only about herself and was not a fair person. Being a couple of years older than her I could see this. I never liked her, and she knew it.

Then came my undoing. One day she saw me in the corner store purchasing a copy of LEG SHOW. She walked over to the magazine rack, picked up a second copy, and glanced through it, smiling at me in a snotty way. Then she put it back and left the store.

About a week later I was in my driveway washing my car when she rode by on a bicycle. She was wearing white shorts, halter top, and white tennis shoes. She rode by ignoring me and went around the corner. About five minutes later she came riding around the block again still in her white halter top and shorts, but her tennis shoes were tied, dangling from the handle bar, and she was pedaling her ten speed bike with her bare feet! I knew she was doing this on purpose, but at the sight of her lovely unshod pedaling peds I lost control. I started directly at them, breathing hard and sweating by with a convulsed smirk, noticing the bulge in my shorts. Her feet were magnificently shaped, with lovely soft, pure white flesh, and I couldn't take my eyes off them until she turned the corner.



I had barely recovered when she rounded the block for the third time and instead of going by she pulled right into my driveway. "I think my chain is loose. Could you check it?" she asked sarcastically, pointing down to the front sprocket. I knelt at the sprocket, my face only inches away from the lovely bare foot resting on the pedal. The chain was all right, and we both knew it, but I started to fool with it anyway and I let my hand brush her bare foot.

"Do you like my bare feet?" she asked. I looked up at her, all choked up and nodded yes. "Then why don't you kiss them," she demandingly suggested. I was totally in her power and I obediently lowered my lips to her foot, but as I did she snapped her bike out of gear and rolled back, drawing her feet away from my face. As I moved toward her she did this again and again until before I realized it, I had crawled down my entire driveway on my hands and knees trying to kiss her bare feet. By now we were almost in the street. She put her bike in gear and planted her soft sole directly into my face and pushed off laughing.

As I knelt on the sidewalk and watched her bare feet pedal away, remembering that brief moment of her soft, luscious sole directly in my face, I knew she had me where she wanted me, and that she knew it too.

The next few times she saw me she just smiled and pointed to her feet. I thought I was going to go insane with passion as she tormented me by deliberately riding her bike past my house bare foot again and again for the next several days. Then she called me and asked if I learned my lesson, about being a macho pig, and if I was ready to comply with her wishes, to be at her place that night at 10 o'clock. She told me she had the house for the weekend all to herself. She also told me to come alone and on foot, and if I didn't show up I'd never have another chance at what I wanted. And we both knew what that was.

When I arrived at her place she was sitting on her front porch. It was a warm night and she was wearing a black string bikini with her gorgeous legs stretched out, crossed at the ankles, with her lovely

feet resting bare on the porch railing. She giggled her sexy toes seductively at me and asked me if I'd like to suck on them. I responded with a "Yes, please." She told me that first I had to do something for her, pointing to her ten speed bicycle. She ordered me to ride it around the block. Thinking that was simple enough I started for the bike. "Just a minute," she said, "I want you to ride it naked."

"What?" I replied in amazement. "Naked. Nude. Stripped. Bare. Au naturel. In the raw. To the buff. On your birthday suit," she replied. "Do you get the fuckin' message? If you want to kiss my feet, you do as I say. Or else."

I slowly removed my clothing as she watched, smiling in a smug way, and mounted the bike.

"Hurry back, bare boy," she said mockingly. "My feet are ready for a good licking."

I started around the block and I was lucky no one was around. I had to ditch behind a couple of trees once to elude a passing car, but I made it back unseen. As I pulled into my driveway she still sat on the porch shining a flashlight on me. She ordered me to get off the bike and crawl to her feet on my hands and knees under the light. She told me she would cherish the moment forever, watching me kneel and grovel before her, stripped of all clothing and dignity, kissing, licking, and sucking on her bare feet like an obedient dog.

I was in ecstasy licking and sucking the tender flesh of her succulent feet. I realized the full power of a woman. She had always gotten her way, and probably always will. And I, of all people, was living proof. I wish you would print this letter in your fine magazine so I may show it to her in offering it as a declaration of my submission.

Jennifer's Foot Boy

OUT OF THE CLOSET



Dear LEG SHOW:

My girlfriend is 38 years old, a natural blonde, 5'9" tall with long, shapely legs and a figure that you would have to see to believe. She owns her own company and frequently takes days off. I didn't get suspicious about anything until I realized that when she planned an

off day, the previous night she'd always send me to the store for carrots, the fattest cucumbers, explaining she liked them sexy, and a certain brand of wine with the bottle thin at the neck and real fat in the middle.

After about four weeks of this I questioned her about the veggies and she explained she ate salads and wine to relax on her days off. I didn't believe her, so the following day I snuck into her walk in closet in the shower. When she came out she read my note saying I'd see her after work. Not to my surprise she proceeded to put on black seamed nylons with a white garter belt and high spiked heels. I started getting a hard-on anticipating what I was about to see.

She started out by turning on the stereo and lying on her back on the bed. She worked a carrot up her ass and then grabbed the fat cucumber and slowly eased it into her pussy. She started twisting and pumping the carrot in and out of her ass while pounding the cucumber in and out of her cunt. This went on for about ten minutes, then she rolled over and got on all fours. Her ass was pointing right at me when she pulled the carrot out and proceeded to pour wine down the crack of her ass. I couldn't believe what I was witnessing. My conservative girlfriend getting so kinky. However, the best was yet to come. She pulled the cucumber out of her pussy and with a quick thrust, shoved about eight inches of that fat cucumber up her ass. The cucumber was as thick as my forearm, but she just kept slamming it in her butt while she then stuffed the wine bottle up her cunt.

She came about three times then she rolled off the bed, removing the bottle and cucumber. She then pulled the wine bottle on the floor. Her back was now facing me and I watched in amazement as she straddled the tip of the wine bottle with her already stretched asshole. She then slowly sat on the bottle until all but about two inches was stuffed into her ass. She proceeded to lean over and suck on her ankles, holding the bottle in her ass. I didn't know an ass could engulf something so thick. Her asshole was so stretched I was wondering if it would ever go back to its normal

size. That's when I was shocked by her girlfriend walking into the bedroom dressed like a dominatrix in leather. She said, "I see you're all ready for me." She eased the bottle out of my girlfriend's asshole. I watched her grease up her hand and to my disbelief, she worked her whole hand up my girlfriend's ass.

She then cupped her fingers together and started working her other hand up my girlfriend's pussy. She pumped her two hands inside her holes for a good half hour as my girlfriend came and came. Then they both went to the shower and I snuck out.

That night I asked how her day went and she smiled and said it was relaxing. I'm going to continue to sneak in her closet and if it gets any kinkier, I'll be writing you again.

Bill
Hinsdale, IL

SOLE TRAIN



Dear LEG SHOW:

The train pulled into Penn Station and she stood up, turned to me and smiled, then straightened and smoothed out her conservative, tailored business suit. We both moved into the aisle to get off the train with a crowd of people in front of us. I caught a glimpse of her exquisite shoes. Very expensive snake skin sling backs with about a four-inch heel. She looked to see that I was behind her and then popped her right foot out of the back of her shoe to expose her heel. Letting her weight rest on the ball of her foot, she flexed her heel high out of the shoe, and rocked her bare foot impatiently back and forth, knowing that she was giving me quite the exhibition. At one point she crossed her legs and she made her left shoe hit the ground with a loud "plop." Then, she took her foot completely out of the shoe, wiggled her flame red toes and announced (in a stage whisper to me) "I simply must get another pedicure. He needs to put a lot more effort into that punkie stone. I need someone who is much more attentive so that my heels and rough spots will be like satin to the touch—or kiss." I certainly couldn't tell—her feet looked flawless to me. I simply smiled at her.

(continued on page 44)

Its Time Has Come

I said I wasn't going to do it. I said I shouldn't, I said I need to stay out of this sort of stuff, but you know me, men, I can't leave my causes alone. It's summer as I write this, even though you're buying it in October or November. Big in the news right now is the arrest of Peewee Herman for (gasp!) playing with himself in a Florida porno theater. The nation is shocked, appalled, the story has pushed the Moscow summit and Jeffrey Dahmer, Milwaukee serial killer, off the front page. The man's career is over—no one even questions the appropriateness of the move—and psychiatrists are offering advice on how to explain Peewee's crime to your children.

Sigh. Do you know how many serious, ghastly, murderous crimes were committed that same day, that the American public accepted without a twitch? Do we really pretend that we're horrified because Peewee broke a law? Let's test you isn't all the fuss about 1) our puritanical terror about sexuality, 2) our national hysteria about pornography, 3) our deeply felt conviction that masturbation is a sin? Oh, I'm sorry, I'm forgetting that Peewee was the host of a children's show and therefore is not allowed to be an adult man with adult male desires. And masturbation is so abnormal, so unusual, how can we ever make our children understand that one of their TV heroes was guilty of such a thing? What hypocritical shit. Okay, I hear the argument that a guy with star status ought to be more discrete about where he pulls his meat, but you can't get much more private than a porn theater. I mean, no children are allowed and with the movie face clearly described on the outside there's little chance an innocent will wander in and be traumatized by the horrible sight of human procreation. I suppose the law could argue that they're concerned about safe sex practices, that they wanted to make sure there was no dangerous, disease spreading sex taking place in there. One look would have confirmed that was not the case, that it was just a few masturbators making the most of their bodies' pleasure systems. But hey, any cop will tell you it's a lot safer to bust guys for jerking off than it is to bust guys for selling crack. Not many masturbators will pull a gun and blow the arresting officer's head off.

Of course, with what's been going on in Florida law enforcement recently it's surprising they didn't go in and blow the masturbators' heads off. A married couple were arrested shortly before the Peewee arrest for having sex in their own home. Their crime was not making sure the drapes were entirely closed. Through a small gap in the drapes (which were, in fact, closed) a peeping neighbor was able to videotape them having sex. This neighbor turned his voyeuristic video over to the police, charging that if he could see enough to get such a hot video, his children might have been able to peek in and see the action. Now wouldn't you think it would be the guy who made the



video who'd go to jail? Not in Florida. The married couple was arrested and the peeper was commended for his civic vigilance!

But back to masturbation. It occurred to me after Peewee's arrest that there is a reason guys don't stay home and whack off. Many masturbators live with people who don't understand their harmless activity, making "homework" risky. Others are simply exhibitionistic and like jerking off in the company of other masturbators. The gay community answers this need with jack off clubs. Why not the straight community?

I picture a Masturbatorium, a safe, clean, sensual atmosphere where men would be encouraged to whack off without fear of arrest or disease. Masturbation would be the sole intent of these places so a man could go there without shame or fear and know that his masturbatory needs would be fully met. Tissues, lotions, comfortable masturbation couches and, of course, entertainment would be provided. Leggy hostesses in masturbation inspiring attire would circulate among the clientele, urging them to squirt a big one in rough or gentle terms. Since no actual sex, not even touching, would take place, masturbation hostesses would likely be of a better quality than the high volume prostitutes found in most sex entertainment parlors. And because they'd have a power over their clients prostitutes don't have there is every reason to believe they'd become as addicted to teasing men into jerking off as our LEG SHOW models.

Think of it, men. You pay a reasonable cover price and enter into a world of pure sensual pleasure. While you're teased in ways you've only fantasized about you indulge freely in your favorite sexual release. When you're finished you've broken no marriage vows, committed no crime, exposed yourself to no disease, and yet experienced complete sexual satisfaction. If we were true to the Constitution, if church and state were really separate entities, this could be a reality. You and I know the truth, but what a fantasy. One which Peewee may well ponder in exile.

—Dian

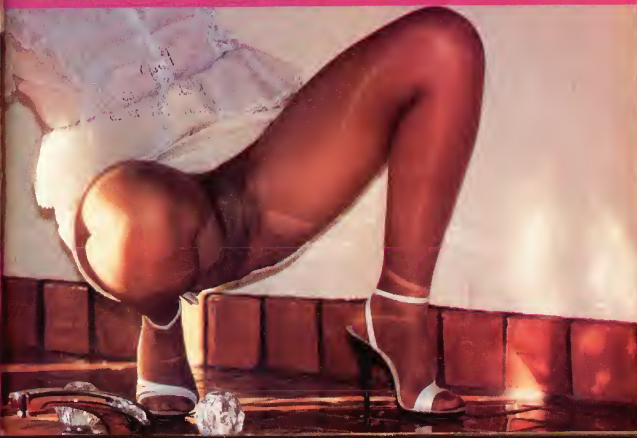


I'd like to share with your readers an encounter of the most pleasurable kind. This occurred while I was a real estate agent in Beverly Hills. Everyone always thinks of Beverly Hills as a celebrity haven and an exciting happening place. The truth is, for most of us, it's a day to day routine town with little excitement. This day, however, was to prove very different.

"The phone rang at 9:30 A.M., the voice on the other end was asking about a listing I had up in the hills, which mentions a photographer's studio. He said he'd like to see it today. He asked if we could take his van, as he had valuable photographic equipment in it and didn't want to risk a theft.

"He had explained to me during the interview that he was a freelance photographer who specialized in glamour and boudoir photography. A lot of his props and garments were in the back of the van. One reason he was in Beverly Hills was to shoot a segment for a leg and foot lover. While here, he wanted to look for an appropriate home where he could do his photography in private.

"As he drove and we talked, he began to set me at ease and I shyly admitted to him my secret fantasy had always been to be a model, but as they say in soaps, 'alas' I was too short. 'Oh no!' he interrupted. 'You're not too short, in fact shorter women make better foot and leg models. Their feet are smaller and daintier and their legs are



generally more shapely, less likely to be skinny." "Oh," I said, surprised. "I hadn't ever thought of leg and foot models, just modeling in general."

"Well," he said, "think about this. How about you putting on some of the clothes and shoes I have in back and posing for me in this house we are going to see? It will do two things. First, it will give me photos of the house for reference as I shop, and second, it will meet my need to find a model for my shoot. And... by the way... you have great legs," He smiled.

"By then we had arrived at the house. He rummaged around in the van, pulling out a blouse and skirt. He looked at my feet a second and said, 'Size 6?' 'Yes,' I said, 'exactly.' 'I thought so,' he said. 'I know feet!'

"I dressed and we toured the entire house, him posing and directing me. I had the time of my life. I was really turned on, not only having my fantasy fulfilled, but the shoot was a 'Peek-A-Boo' request and I found that very arousing, not to mention the fact that this photographer was so incredibly good looking and sexy.



"I left the 'model' clothes on so we could hurry back to town. It had been a great day and he liked the house very much. He suggested that I come up to his hotel room and change back to my business attire, then we could have dinner and discuss the sale. While waiting for me to change, he ordered up a bottle of wine and we toasted my new career. Then he kissed me, lightly at first, then a little harder. Soon we were in a fantastic, wet, tongueing, sucking kiss. One thing led to another, but, that's another story. We ordered room service at 10:00. What a day!!! I just had to send you the photos so everyone could enjoy it along with me!"



ELMER BATTERS

On The Lam

Few of you realize what life was like for a leg art photographer in the fifties and sixties. I was arrested numerous times for photographing what was considered then perversion—showing stockings and garter belts. By the late sixties I'd had enough of going to jail and when I heard that a warrant had once again been issued for my arrest I ran off to San Francisco and hid out in the Haight-Ashbury district.

Now, I was already a middle aged man and no hippie, but it was a good place to disappear for awhile and I did my best to blend in. I just couldn't stand not working, though, and soon was combing the streets for Flower Children willing to don those and heels for me.

"They were more Wild Flowers than anything else, but some of the girls have lived on in my memory. These are some of the better ones from my life on the run. Having no studio I made do, driving them out in the country, to the Central Valley and just finding secluded spots in Golden Gate Park. At last I missed my wife and home too much and turned myself in, but it was interesting while it lasted."

—Elmer Batters





VIDEO TAPES

If the **SUCCULENT TOES** of a **PRETTY GIRL** STIMULATES your **SEXUAL APPETITE** then I have the **SEXIEST THING** next to the **REAL THING** when it comes to **STIMULATING** your **SEXUAL APPETITE** i.e., **VIDEO TAPES** in **COLOR** and **SOUND** featuring the **SUCCULENT TOES** of 40 different **PRETTY YOUNG GIRLS**.

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Dear LEG SHOW:
For all the horny
readers, pictures of the
best legs in Cincinnati.
As a travel agent, these
have been shown from
Boston to California.
Contact us through the
personals for exchange
and meetings.
Ed and Hope

5 6



6



10



12



11

Dear LEG SHOW:

My wife and I both are long time fans of LEG SHOW. As you can see from the photos, her legs, along with her hooters, are a big turn on. Any comments from readers would be appreciated and would turn her on.

M & J
Chicago, IL

10 11 12

Dear Goddess Dian:

We would like to correspond and photo exchange with Female Dominant couples who believe in Female Supremacy and foot worship as part of lifestyle. Lori would love to hear from bi and gay women to lick more than her beautiful feet. Sincere only, no pro.

Michael Sneed and Lori
Box 19769
18800 Rowbury Rd
Hagerstown, Md. 21740

7 8 9



7



8



9



13



14

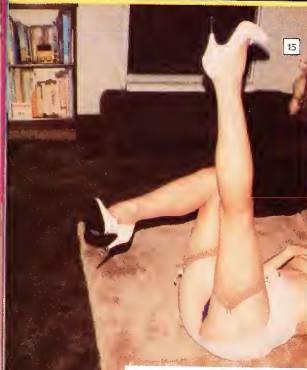
Dear Dan:

My boyfriend and I love reading LEG SHOW. We both enjoy masturbating while fantasizing about some of the girls in your magazine. We would like to take this further by extending an invitation to females or couples interested in female/female leg love. Please write with pix. All answered.

Kelly and Mark
P.O. Box 616
Malaga, N.J. 08328

13 14

LEG SHOW 21



Dear LEG SHOW:
We're sending these favorite leg pics to you, hoping you'll print some or all of them. We'd like our fellow readers to enjoy them as we have enjoyed some of theirs.

15 16 17

Jim and Jackie
California



Dear Dian:
Here are a couple of photos of my ex-wife's delicious feet. They've provided me many hours of pleasure and I wanted to share them with your readers.
J.B. and Sweetfeet

18 19



19



22 LEG SHOW



Dear Dian:
Here are a few more photos for LEG SHOW.
C.H.

20 21



Dear LEG SHOW:
Here's yet more pix of my first and foremost steady subject. I've also pix available of others. Let's trade!

22 24 23

Retif II
Box 319

Kew Gardens, N.Y. 11415



ALLISON

BEG



Don't I look breathtaking in my tight, shiny silver pantyhose? I love how they hug my calves, thighs and ass. There's a little Spandex in them so they're extra tight and I simply love to be held tight. By my lingerie, that is. I seldom find a man who's up to the task. It's a shame there aren't more truly masculine men around. A woman craves a strong man, yet when the woman is as strong as I am, as demanding as I am, there are very few men who can make me. Actually I've never met one, which is why I've never given up my cunt to anyone. Odd isn't it, a woman as seductively beautiful as I am a virgin at twenty-three? And yet, who could expect me to

give up something as precious as my cunt, the holy portal to my entire being, to some inferior creature?

"I do like to have fun with you men, though. Even if you're not good enough to fuck me I love having you pay tribute to me with your cocks. I wouldn't dress like this if I didn't want you to get hard-ons. An erect penis may be threatening to a lesser woman, but to me, they are the ultimate playthings. I often invite men over for lingerie shows. I provide the lingerie, which is my passion, and he provides the hard-on for his part of the show. In my part, I put on an outfit like you see here, tight shiny pantyhose, an equally tight body suit and model my firm, athletic but-



feminine body from all angles. I arch up on my toes so that my heels pop free of my pumps to give seductive peeks of my feet. My audience has an aching hard-on in no time and I demand that he take it out, just like I demand right now that you take yours out. Then I lie back and spread my legs so wide, pulling the fabric in the crotch of my pantyhose oh so thin and taut. I bid my wimp come close, having no fear he'll disobey, and make him stare at my cunt lips, parted so neatly, so pink and wet, under the veil of nylon. Then I bring my feet together, cupped in my lovely spike heeled pumps, around his neck. How I love to see the uncertainty in his face as my lethally sharp heels press at his adam's apple. 'Now masturbate,' I tell him, as I tell you now, and as I

tighten my high heel grip on his neck he stares transfixed at my sweet pink nylon-embraced cunt and jerks off for his queen.

"I've allowed a few select ones to actually cum on my pantyhose crotch, but that's as far as it goes. In some ways you're more fortunate than them all, because I am demanding that you cum on my feet here in the photos, something none of them has ever been allowed. That's to make up for you not being able to feel my heels on your throat.

"So you see, I'm not really cruel, just strong and deserving of a man just as strong. And if I never find a man good enough for me, know that you, little jerk-off, have pleased me. It's nothing to sneeze at."





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JENNIFER & MARLA:

*Your Wife's
Friends*



You know that little fantasy of yours? The one where your wife, that pure, prudish woman you chose to marry while you secretly lust after wicked aggressive women, brings home a sexy woman to share with you? Well, your wife knows all about that fantasy and she asked us to speak with you about it.





"First of all, she wants you to know how the three of us giggle about your silly little fantasies. She says she has so much fun toying with your masturbation guilt. Of course she knows you do it, she encourages you to do it by with-holding sex—and other things. You don't know about the sleep training, did you? She has particular fun with that one. Sometimes, she tells us, she even gets dressed up to do it, putting on long black stockings like these and sexy high pumps and the garter belt she would never wear for you. Then she strokes your cock with a nylon while she holds her soiled panties to your nose. 'Masturbate, you must jerk off for me,' she whispers in your ear. She knows how to do it 'til you're just on the verge of cumming, until you're moaning and begging for release in your sleep, and then she stops. And you wonder why you wake up with such a raging desire to jerk off! She even whispers to you about us in your sleep training. And you thought you came up with that fantasy about her and other women all on your own.

"Yes, we know your wife, though the woman we know is a little different from the one you know. The one we know wears stockings and garters, open-tip bras and crotch-less panties. She toeters around on five inch glossy black patent heels and she eats cunt with a skill and gusto you could only dream of possessing. We met your wife when she answered our personal ad, the one asking for 'Bored Housewife Sex Slaves'. She told us how she'd turned you into a masturbation machine for her own perverse amusement and wanted to atone for her sin at the feet of dominant women, the only sex partners she could truly respect.

"We've had so much fun with her. Sometimes we make her lick our shoes clean after a long walk on city streets. Sometimes we take turns fucking her ass with a big black dildo, one that's twice as long and twice as thick as your cock. And she tells you yours is too big to take back there! We even display your wife in public, making her wear short skirts and low cut whorish blouses. She's pulled her skirt up to show her pantless cunt to lots of strange men in your town, under our direction. You must have seen some of them giving you strange looks when you were out with her. We know you'll notice from now on.

"All in all, we've had a wonderful time with your wife and we plan to keep using her just as long as it pleases us. Oh, and about your fantasy of you, your wife and another woman? Forget it, we'd never degrade her that much!"







ALEXIS

NO
RUSH





Nothing gets me horny like shopping, especially with your credit cards. Having you be so generous to me, buying me lingerie and stockings at the most expensive boutiques, makes me want to show my gratitude. A little.

"I love the way you look at my feet, especially that longing look when I finally let you see what stockings I have on. That's right, the reinforced ones. The ones that make you act like a fool. Don't worry, that's our secret. I only tell my girlfriends, so go ahead, now I'll let you touch yourself through your pants. It sure looks like you need it. And you've done everything right today... but I still don't know if I'm in the mood. I'm not completely aroused. Should I stop you? No, I'll just caress my ass. Yes, I know it's fine, thank you. Maybe I should wave it back and forth in front of your face. Get a good eyeful while I slowly lower my panties. They look great on me, don't they?"

"You know what happens when my panties come all the way off? I'll let you take out your cock. And maybe, if it stands at attention like a good soldier for a long time, I might take off my shoes and have my feet inspect the troops. I could sit on the couch and you stand before me, and my dark nylon toes could rub smoothly on your balls and creep up and down your shaft. All that *could* happen. And once your tool has shown its absolute loyalty to me, I could bend over and allow you into my precious snatch. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"



"But I think I might just put my dress on and leave you to jerk off. It's up to me. You wouldn't want that, would you? So let's go slow and do everything I like to do. Don't forget, my favorite thing is to hear how hot I make you. And don't use words—keep groaning like that. I'm starting to get wet. These shoes I bought with your credit card today, aren't they worth every penny? I know you just signed the receipt without looking at them, and that makes me rather annoyed. After all, they're imported from Italy and cost more than your whole wardrobe. Oh, that look of anxiety crossing your face has done the trick. You're turning me on."

"Now I want to take my panties off, but where can I hang them? On your face, maybe? I'll just leave them like this. Do you want to sniff my pussy, or would you rather lick my soles through my stockings? Don't answer right away. We're not in a rush. Why don't you just masturbate while I figure out where you're taking me for dinner?"





(continued from page 7)



I couldn't resist the opening. "I'd be willing to try, if you would give me the chance, Karena. I live alone, so you could come by whenever it's convenient for you," I said, offering her my business card. "In fact, I'll give you the first pedicure free, and if it meets your expectations then we can continue."

Around two that afternoon, my phone rang in the office. "Hello, honey, this is Karena. I'll take my pedicure this evening. I'll be over at seven. Here's a bottle of champagne chilled." Click. Did I have a choice?

"Greetings," she said, promptly at seven. "I must tell you, I've been looking forward to this all day. My girlfriends at work are jealous that I have my own personal pedicurist—and a *maid*, at that. Let's not dally—it's time for you to get busy."

I started to say something, but she interrupted. "Rule number one," she said. "Speak only when spoken to—and you will address me as Mistress Karena. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress Karena," I replied.

She confidently strode up the stairs in her tight blue jeans, see-through silk blouse unbuttoned to show mega cleavage and sky high sling back, open toed heels—a far cry from the prim and proper business suit she had on for work.

"Draw me a small bubble bath, get me a glass of champagne, and remove my shoes," she demanded. I did as I was told, handing her a full, chilled glass and knelt before her to expertly slide the shoes from her feet. "Kiss each," she bellowed, and I pressed my lips to her soles. She looked down approvingly. When the water was about six inches high, she said, "Enough. Now take off your clothes."

I removed my clothing as she stepped over to the dresser, removed a pumice stone from her purse, and stepped into the bathtub. "Get in and give me twenty minutes with the pumice stone. I want my feet

kissably soft. So will you." She took a long, slow sip of champagne and swirled her right foot in the suds and water.

I climbed into the tub, eyes down, and started to work feverishly on her smallest feet, which happened to have impossibly high arches.

"Pay particular attention to the heels."

First on the heel, then the ball of her foot, around the toes, the outside of her insteps and finally all over the soles, I scrubbed each foot for ten solid minutes, removing all rough skin. "An adequate job—now get out and dry my feet."

This done, I watched as she walked to the couch in the living room. "More champagne."

I refilled her glass and returned to her. She opened her purse and pulled out a bottle of nail polish remover and some moisturizer.

"Kneel and take off the polish," she ordered. "Then massage each foot for at least half an hour with the lotion. Be sure to warm it in your hands. First, though, bring the phone over here."

I manipulated her feet for the next hour and a half, as she called all of her friends (including some long distance) and described in minute detail to them the services that I was performing for her. Occasionally, she would lightly prod my dick with one foot as I massaged the other, or run her foot over the outline of my body and into my hair. "Kiss each toe as you massage them" she would command me. I did as I was told. "Footboy—more tongue around the arch," she would cackle during conversations with her friends. "Yes, I've got him for the whole summer. I might allow him to pedicure your feet next week," she told each of them. "What? Of course, he's naked," she would say just before she hung up, laughing.

Next, I clipped and filed her nails as she watched me intently, ever mindful that I might slip and injure her precious peds, incurring her wrath. This done, I pushed her cuticles back as far as they would go, completing the preliminary phase of her pedicure.

"Refill my glass—it's time for you to polish my toes. Twice, of course."

She had selected the same whore red polish that she had made me remove. I lovingly polished each toe—twice. "You should be re-

warded for your hard work," she said. With that, she dipped her freshly painted big toe into the near empty wine glass and then pressed it to my lips, punctuating her gesture with a throaty laugh. I licked her toe dry without hesitation. This went on for several minutes, as she poured the champagne over different parts of her feet to be obediently lapped off by my eager tongue.

"On second thought, you're not done yet—I want a softer look. Get me some more champagne, then change my toenail color to this pink shade," she purred as she handed me a new color. I went through the whole laborious process again—twice.

"You know," she mused, "this set up has a lot of potential. I could rent you out to my friends and make a killing. With me as your business manager, there are no limits to what I could do with you. Fetch my shoes, footboy, and give them a quick shine." I gingerly polished, then placed the shiny shoes back on her feet. "Now, a quick buff." I nimbly ran a chamois over the pointy toes and sleek sides of the shoe, as she royally balanced her feet in my crotch as I knelt in front of her. Then she pressed the spiked heels against my chest and I even rubbed the sling backs with the cloth. "Are my feet kissably soft?" she wondered.

"Yes, Mistress," I replied.

"Prove it," she snapped as she placed one glistening shoe over each of my shoulders. I dutifully lapped at her shoes, tongued the soles clean and covered her now tender feet with kisses. Several times, she purposely caught my tongue between the exposed silky heel of her foot and her shoe. Each time, she roared laughing.

"Same time, next week—unless I decide that my feet need attention before then. You are to remain at my beck and call," she said. "I'll be bringing two friends on my next visit, so don't make any plans for the evenings. Those girls are even more demanding than I am, if you can believe that." Then again, we might show up on a moment's notice. Maybe one morning before work, if the mood strikes me."

I could tell it was going to be a long, glorious summer.

Sam

CORSETS By Kroll



Photos by Eric Kroll



How many purposes can signify dominance or submission with equal ease? The corset stands alone in this, as *nothing else*, of clothing as was ever invented. I'd say it ranks with the ultra high heel in controversy. The corset was conceived entirely as a sex enhancer, yet saw its greatest popularity in a time when sex was most suppressed. In the Victorian era no woman of breeding was marriageable unless she had systematically been deformed into sexual desirability through "corset training." This meant wearing ever tightening corsets day and night, which narrowed her waist by displacing pelvic organs, crushing her ribs and separating her spinal vertebrae. Permanently. Yes, there was no turning back for a properly corset trained woman. If she decided to just say no, to loosen her laces and cast off her corset bondage, her upper body would tip over. The whaleboned, satin



and lace tightlacing corset was a lifelong commitment by the Victorian woman to the sexual desires of the Victorian man. It's no wonder that turn-of-the-century feminists made it one of their primary targets. And yet, for all the suffering and frailty the tightlacing corset created in its willing slaves, it often elevated them in the eyes of men. Men, so often more sexually vulnerable than the frailest female, saw this awesomely exaggerated female form as a powerful symbol, a Goddess to be served and worshipped. In its hindrance, the corset elevated its wearer and put man in his role as servant. Physically helpless, the woman was made sexually powerful, an understanding unchanged to this day.



The only person I know of making authentic Victorian tightlacing corsets today is, not surprisingly, a woman, Mistress Antoniette of Versatile Fashions out in California. She knows more about dominance and submission and the place of costume in its rituals than most women in this world. Most of these corsets can be had from her, made to order in standard women's or large frame sizes. Squeezing your waist down three, four, five or more inches in one of these sturdy, classic torture tools is an erotic experience not soon to be forgotten. It left its mark

on all our models, who despite the discomfort, couldn't leave the session without each ordering one for herself.

Write to Mistress Antoniette for more details

The address for Versatile Fashions is P.O. Box 1051, Tustin, Ca. 92681, and please send \$5.00

for the catalog. If you would like to buy beautiful custom photos of corseted women, write Eric Kroll, Box 464, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.






A full-page photograph of Martina on a floral-patterned sofa. She is wearing a black lace top, black stockings, and black heels. She is reclining with her legs crossed and her hand near her face, looking towards the camera.

MARTINA

A LITTLE
ROMANCE

A full-page photograph of Martina in a provocative pose on the same floral sofa. She is wearing a black lace top, black stockings, and black heels. She is leaning forward with her back to the camera, showing her buttocks and legs. Her head is turned back to look at the camera.

When it comes to sex I'll take mine with a little romance. I just love romances; the books you know. I started in with them when I was a teenager, before I 'blossomed' and started getting dates. Those books provided all the passion I could have wanted, and I still prefer them to much of what I've discovered in real life. Seriously, men are so timid in dating. Maybe they're afraid of getting hit with a date rape charge or something, but they sure don't come on like the men in my books.

"The books I like best are the ones called 'bodice rippers' and that's what I'd like to happen to me. I'm very feminine, like the heroines in the books. I wear sexy delicate lingerie and perfume at the backs of my knees. I trip along precariously in four-inch spike heels and have what I think is a very vulnerable way about me, so why doesn't some cad swoop down and abduct me? Oh, how my pussy quivers when I think of strong arms lifting me and throwing me over a brawny shoulder. I'll kick and pound your back with my little fists, but I just know I'll never get away and you'll carry me off to your bedchamber, or a dark deserted warehouse or even a city rooftop. There I'll pant with terror and lust as you tear my flimsy bodice asunder and feast hungrily on my heaving breasts. I'll thrash my legs, so beautifully clad in black silk stockings, held up by delicate garter straps. My hobbling spike heels might fly off in the struggle and I'll point my toes, polished a deep red, as you push my legs apart and slice my gossamer panties with a single stroke of your hunting knife.



"Oh, the shame! My most secret womanly portal is laid bare, the crimson lips swollen and separated, the dew of my lust blatantly wetting them. You pin my thighs down with your strong hands, lewdly spreading them so wide the tendons stand out in my yearning loins. Then you're on top of me, impaling me on your cock, spearing me deeply, completely, filling me until I think I shall split in two. My silky thighs fold over your flexing buttocks, my little stockinged feet beating at them, protesting or driving you deeper into me, I don't know any more. Yes, driving you into me, because I want you to take me, fuck me, yes, cum in me!

"Why can't any of them ever do that? Why do they insist on taking me to fancy restaurants and stupid nightclubs? Can't you see that I want to be ravished? I don't want your money, I want my clothes ripped off and a hard cock pounding my cunt to a pudding while my legs wave helplessly in the air.

"Like I said, a little romance."



LEG SHOW





PAWN TICKET

*Bitch wife
or cruel mistress
—which could be better?*

By Pat Tunney

My wife, Hillary, was still an attractive woman at forty-seven. We had been married for some twenty years and I still wanted her.

I've always felt lucky to have such a gorgeous wife, even though I've had to work long and hard to provide for her. No matter what I made over the years, Hillary was always able to spend more. She loved to shop and had closets full of expensive clothes and shoes. But I loved to see her happy, so I never complained. I doubt if it would have done much good.

I'm Harvey. Just a plain guy, probably a little on the boring side, if you know what I mean. I'm serious at work and have never had an office fling or an affair. Hillary and my daughter, Pamela, have been all I've worked for over the years.

From our first years of marriage Hillary had made it very clear that working and making money was my job but that running the house and our sex life were strictly under her domain. I went along with this, thrilled to have married such a

strong, stimulating, beautiful woman. When we were married I was just beginning my business career. We lived well on an inheritance from my grandfather. This allowed me, in those early years, to buy Hillary the things she wanted.

In a way, I bought sex from her. She would bribe me with her gorgeous body, always extracting a promise from me for something expensive to wear or a costly piece of jewelry. I couldn't afford to touch her often.

Like the time I hadn't had Hillary for about three months. I was young then and my need for sexual relief was more urgent.

**"Thank God,
most of the
time I serviced
her properly!"**

One night I asked her, after dinner, if we couldn't retire early and have sex. I reminded her of how long it had been and how much I needed her.

Hillary turned to me and smiled seductively. "Well, if it's been that long, Harvey, you must really need me rather frantically, darling."

"I do, honey, really bad," I admitted. "Mmmm, well, Harvey," she said seductively, "to get me in the mood, you could promise to buy me that nice diamond necklace I've been wanting."

I followed her into the bedroom. "Honey, I told you I couldn't afford it right now." She stood there and removed her blouse. Then she unzipped her skirt and let it drop to the floor. She turned and unsnapped her bra and rubbed her breasts.

I couldn't take my eyes off of her. She wore only black panties, thigh-high stockings, and her black high heels.

I began to breathe harder and sprouted an erection. I suspected she knew the effect she was having on me from the smile on her lovely face.

"Damn, honey," I whined, "do I have to buy sex from you all the time?"

"Of course not, Harvey," she said, licking her lips, "but you must want me pretty bad after three months."

"Jeezus, baby, I do! I need you now—tonight!" I moved toward her. When I was close she pulled me to her and gave me a deep, tongue-lashing kiss.

"Buy me the necklace, lover," she breathed, insinuating her pelvis against my hard on.

Hillary removed her panties and climbed onto the bed. Slowly she spread her legs. I moved toward her, stripping off my clothes. Naked, I crawled between her legs. "I'll buy you the necklace, Hillary," I mumbled as my mouth moved onto her soft, moist cunt.

When she was properly prepared I was allowed to fuck her. But it had been so long since I had done it, and I was so hot, that I came much too soon. Hillary just smiled and pushed me away. The following afternoon I brought the elegant, expensive, diamond necklace home to her.

Then, three years ago, I was beaten out of a big promotion where I work. It was given to a young man. Hillary had given me a bunch of hell. I tried to explain that the young guy was related to the president and I never really had chance. This did not appease her.

Our daughter had just left for college and Hillary insisted that I move into her bedroom. "Honey," I pleaded, "you don't mean that?"

"I mean it, Harvey," she'd told me harshly, "and don't expect much else from me, either."

This was a stunning shock. But she gave me absolutely no choice. The following day she began removing our daughter's things and redecorating the bedroom.

From that night on, I had only occasional sex with Hillary. But sometimes, if

I begged enough, she would allow me in to her bedroom. I usually had to settle with eating her pussy. I enjoyed this, but I missed intercourse, too, as time went on.

"Please, Hillary," I would implore, "let me come into bed with you. It's been so long."

"Tonight!"

"It's been two months, honey. Please!"

Hillary shrugged. "Alright, but don't take all night. You'll pleasure me as usual and you'll better get me off before I get too sleepy."

I always rushed when I finally crawled between her lovely legs. I would eat her avidly but always with a sense of panic. Hillary wasn't easy to get off, and once in a while she'd just push me away. Thank God, most of the time she'd jerk her properly. Those times she would writhe around and cum in my eager mouth. I was pleased at satisfying her. Even though I would go back to my bedroom still frustrated.

Last year Hillary took a part-time job a few afternoons and some evenings doing research for some professor. By now, I was glad to have her out of the house, and she could spend her extra money on clothes.

One night, when she was out, I was in my bedroom having one last cigarette before going to bed. The room was dark and I walked to the window. I looked out at the wing of our apartment building opposite us.

Directly across from me I saw a young woman walk by her bedroom window. She wore nothing but a pair of panties. I have never been a voyeur but I was suddenly glued to the window. Soon she appeared again, this time with another girl. They kissed and climbed onto the bed. I could still see them from the glow of the bedroom light. I watched as they began to make love together.

I was more aroused than I'd been in years and was disappointed when they finally switched off the light. Just then I heard Hillary come home. I walked a few minutes, then knocked on her bedroom door. She told me to come in.

I was so horny I begged to have sex with her. Hillary laughed and told me to forget it. She pushed me away, telling me she was tired. I went back to my bedroom and checked the window. The lights were out across the way. I got in bed, frustrated, as I had so many nights before. I had a hell of a time going to sleep thinking about the girls across the way.

Many nights after that, while Hillary was out, I watched the girls. They shared the apartment and the bed. They were gorgeous but gay. A real play. Still, I was watching, they were terrific! Almost always, after coming home from work, the girls would slip out of their clothes and run around half naked. Sometimes I couldn't help but peek.

At the office I began to think about the girls and for the first time thought about

"My cock exploded as Vicki ordered me to suck her toes."

going out with a hooker. I had to do something. My isolation from Hillary suddenly bothered me more intensely since watching my beautiful neighbors.

Twice, I met one of the girls going up in the elevator. She always spoke and I couldn't help staring at her. Her name was Vicki. She dressed so sexy, yet I always thought of her in her panties or naked. She must have thought I was weird.

One night, when I had to work late, I came into the apartment and called to Hillary. She was on the phone in her bedroom and didn't hear me come in. I went by the door and stopped. I didn't mean to listen but I heard her laughing as she told one of her girlfriends how stupid I was, thinking she was working all the time. I got nearer the door. She continued to tell her friend about meeting and sleeping with at least two or three men each week. And how, after she had sex with them, she would come home and tell "that stupid Harvey" to stay away from her.

I went into the living room and poured myself a strong drink. Damn! I didn't know what to do or say. I just couldn't lose Hillary now, not after all these years. I said nothing.

A few days later, one of my wife's indiscretions, I was again riding up on the elevator with the gal across the way. We began talking about the weather and she asked me to do her a favor. If I would come to her apartment and help her move a small table, she would give me a drink.

Inside her apartment she took off her coat and hung it up. She looked fabulous. She quickly cleared the small table and I carried it to where she wanted it across the room. She made me a drink and joined me on the couch. I almost choked when she slowly crossed her long legs. I caught a glimpse of her light blue panties.

Vicki had a cigarette while she calmly told me that she and her roommate, Helen, had seen me watching them sometimes from my window across the way. I almost said "God, I was embarrassed. Vicki told me that she didn't mind but that Helen thought I was some kind of an old pervert."

Vicki laughed and looked directly at me. She smiled and told me that she liked old perverts. If they were sexy, kind and generous. Then she kicked off a high-heeled shoe and rubbed my leg. I swear, I could barely breathe. She kept smiling at

she held the sexy, stockings foot up before my face. Softly but firmly, the gorgeous young woman ordered me to kiss her foot.

I sat still, as if paralyzed. She rubbed the textured, nylon encased foot against my cheek and then to my lips. I lightly kissed her slender foot.

She was saying quietly, "Mmmm, yes, Harvey. Worship my pretty, sexy foot."

Suddenly, I was in love with Vicki's foot. I kissed it all over, and when she told me to lick it, I did. I was wildly aroused, and my cock exploded as she ordered me to suck her toes.

I was told to put her shoe back on. Vicki pulled up her skirt and spread her lovely stockings leg. She told me I could worship her sweet, tender pussy for a price. I asked her how much, and I was suddenly bringing out my billfold and handing her a hundred dollars. She took it and rubbed it against her cunt. Then she held it up to my mouth and told me, "Kiss it goodbye, honey."

I did, as she removed her panties.

"Come, my slave," she breathed. "Worship my cunt and give me pleasure."

I ate her wildly, forgetting the fact that this was my first infidelity in my married life. Hillary was doing the same thing. I almost fainted when Vicki began cumming in my mouth.

I washed up and hurried home to Hillary. I arrived just as she was leaving. That was a break. I watched her close the door, knowing that she was off to meet another man.

I went into the bedroom and hurried to the window. I could see Vicki on the bed. She came to the window and stood there rubbing her cunt and gyrating her hips. Then she waved and walked away. She turned out the light as she got into bed.

The next day I knocked on Vicki's door after work. She opened it and let me in. She wore a thin black nightgown, dark thigh-high nylons, and shiny black high heels. I fell to my knees and hugged her legs.

Vicki pushed me away and told me to crawl after her as she walked to the couch. She stood and told me to lick her high heels clean with my tongue. Eagerly I obeyed her. After being satisfied with my tongue cleaning, she sat on the couch. I was commanded to remove her shoes and worship her footstocking feet. I gave it my best effort. They smelled delicious.

Then Vicki spread her legs. She was naked above her nylons and again I stared at her beautiful, seductive crotch. I removed my footstocking and handed her a hundred dollar bill. She took it, laughing softly, and again rubbed it over her pussy lips. When she held it out, I kissed the bill goodbye as before. Then she pulled me down to service her sweet scented cunt. I licked her taut little clit for all I was worth.

Vicki began moaning as she came in my mouth. I had just finished and was still sitting

(continued on page 86)



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YVONNE:

Don't Be Shy





Why are so many foot men in the closet? Do you men really think it's so rare to have a thing for feet? Just about every guy I ever got close to ended up confessing, usually in a really agonized way, that he wanted to kiss/tick/sniff my feet. And each acted like he was the first man in the world to ever think of it. You poor dears. When I think back on some of the tricks you men have used with me to get close to my feet it makes me want to laugh. Or cry. You put yourselves through so much torture, so much self hatred, over something so natural. But then I know there are a lot of misinformed, uptight women out there. No matter how good it feels to them to have you groveling at their feet, bathing their sensitive toes in your warm, passionate mouth, they can't get past the conviction that it's unnatural. Just like a woman on top in fucking was unnatural fifty years ago and a man eating cunt was unnatural twenty-five years ago. What is truly unnatural is a culture that refuses to accept a safe, simple mutual pleasure. Like these silly women think they won't go to heaven because some man sucked their toes and they liked it. This is a sin? I say a sin is denying yourself and everyone around you happiness, passing judgement on them like you're some kind of god. If it was wrong to suck toes there'd be some horrible natural consequence to it like a disease, and as far as I know there's not a thing you can catch from a sweet, clean foot.



"I've done a lot to bring shy guys out of the foot closet. One man who was always finding little ways to get close to my feet became my personal pedicurist. I just laid out the pumice stone, cotton balls and polish one day and told him he was going to give my toenails a good polishing and I didn't want any argument. I made him blow on my nails to dry the polish and by the time he'd blowdried three coats his lips were so close to my toes it took only a little nudge against his teeth to get him to open up for the deep toe sucking he so craved.

"I awoke once with another man to find he'd reversed himself in the bed and was secretly clopping my feet to his face. He was being so sneaky, trying not to wake me, so I kept up the pretense of being asleep. To help him along, though, I pointed my toes and gently rubbed my feet against his face, pretending to be restlessly rearranging myself. When I felt his hard cock nestled against my buttocks I squirmed a bit more, working it deeply into my ass cleft. Oh, he had a great time then, furtively humping my buttcrack while enjoying my feet to the fullest. Meanwhile I had a hand on my clit and brought myself to a delightful orgasm fueled by his sole lapping.

"Both these men eventually confessed their foot love to me, encouraged by my accepting attitude. It's just a shame so many are so shy. I'll help you if you just give me a clue, men, so don't be afraid to try!"







I picked up the brochure and read... Does your husband or boyfriend love your sweet feet? Do you like to tease him with dangling pumps and sweaty, scented feet? Would you like to have other men worship your sweet toes and soles while your own guy looks on? Would you enjoy watching your guy love other women's feet? How'd you like to tease your guy to distraction and make him earn your delicious feet and the feet of other girls? Join the FOOT-BALL CLUB and realize your needs and fantasies.

The brunette with the control said, "We've got a new member here to observe your torment. Say hello." I stammered as the man smiled and greeted me. "Oh, I'm not a new member. I'm a reporter here to do a story on your organization." "Oh, the girl from LEG SHOW. Hi, I'm Robyn," she said as she extended her hand, "and this is Tammy," she continued as she indicated the short haired brunette next to her.

monster prick with my sexy electronic vibrator. My lust began to mount, but after only a minute or so I relinquished the control to Robyn. Finally I noticed that the second man had a similar device on his prick as well, then I was stirred back to reality by the petite brunette's voice.

"Pretty neat vibrator, huh Jennifer? Robyn designed and built it. She's an electrical engineer. In fact she works with a lot of the male members of our club at the Ajax Company." I could hear an obvious

THE FOOTBALL CLUB

They Play By Women's Rules

By Jennifer Daniels

After reading the brochure I strolled into the next room. Two men were kneeling and naked on the carpeted floor and attended by two young women. The men's hands were behind their erect backs and their hands were grasping their ankles. Both had erections, their tools jutting out at an obscene 45 degree angle, proudly displayed and infinitely vulnerable in this position. One man stood out.

His prick was almost a foot long and as thick as my forearm. It reminded me of the thick, firm summer sausages you find in the supermarket during holiday times. The taller, yet still petite, woman was focused on the monstrous prick which had some sort of device attached to it. It was a thin black rubberized cylinder about two inches long, open at both ends and was installed just below the head of the erect prick. The brunette held an electronic gadget that she fiddled with while watching the man. Upon closer inspection I found that it was a wireless remote keyed to the black object on the man's prick. As the girl pushed on the buttons the cylinder on the man's prick would vibrate, pleasuring his prick. A remote control cock vibrator!

The second girl, a petite short haired brunette no more than five foot tall, held a woman's pink pump to the second man's face, but her attention was focused on the larger man and the other girl, a five foot three inch, long haired brunette. Each time the taller girl twiddled her hand holding the remote control, the big man's prick quivered and throbbed in its position 45 degrees to his body.

"You love that, don't you, pervert?" She spoke in a voice more sweet than harsh as she continued to tap the trembling cock in a frequency about once a second.

"Yes, ma'am! Tease me, taunt my cock! I love it! I've endured enough. Just let me have a taste of your feet in return for my misery. Pleaseeeee!"

"Hi, my name is Jennifer Daniels." "Well Ms. Daniels, why don't you get some first hand experience as to what goes on here?" she said as she offered me the control.

"Oh, I'm just here to observe. I couldn't get involved."

"He shot his load all over her soft nylon soles!"

"What better way to know our group than to experience our activities. Go on, take this control and give Harold a few teasing vibes. He loves having a girl tease his dick. I'm sure he'll like it from you. He loves beautiful girls, especially when they dress in mini's and spiky pumps like yours. Go on."

Pushing caution to the wind, I took the control and looked at the man. He stared at me and grinned and I saw his monster tool twitch as if inviting me. The control panel had the usual speed buttons, and I pressed first Low, then Med. I found that I had to keep pressing or the buttons on the machine went automatically to the Off position.

My victim sucked in a great gulp of air and his prick quivered as I pressed the Med button. The device was obviously providing great pleasure to the man, but I was more surprised at my own feelings as I watched him kneeling as erect as his body would allow. His gaze was riveted to my legs and shoes and I began shifting my feet slightly, controlling the movement of his eyes. I felt a power; I was in control of the man. Perspiration broke out under my arms and I could feel a moisture between my legs. I was enjoying teasing this

adoration of Robyn in Tammy's voice as she continued explaining. "Right now Robyn's only got the two devices you see here. They can be controlled simultaneously or separately from the same remote." Tammy turned to Robyn, the petite short haired girl asked, "Can't now, Robyn? Please?"

"Sure, kid. Go for it," Robyn told her partner.

Tammy grabbed the hem of her black tube dress and pulled it above her hips revealing the tops of her dark stockings and her furry patch. She knelt with her back to the large kneeling man and scooted backward to bring the man's crotch up to her moist slit.

"Fit it in, Robyn!" she breathed. "I'll scoot back onto it. Just put the head at my cunt! Quickly!"

With Robyn's assistance, the board-stiff monster tool began to disappear into her hole and the tiny girl began to fuck herself on the kneeling man's prick, taking it, still fitted with the vibrator cylinder, ever deeper and deeper inside her body. She took eight inches, but that was her limit. She was totally stuffed with his stiff, thick rod.

"Isn't that cute Bill?" Robyn asked as she knelt and stroked the rampant prick of the second man. I'd practically forgotten him. Now focusing, I saw that Bill was staring intently at the sweaty coupling going on right in front of his eyes. He swooned as he watched and his prick quivered.

Then looking at me, Robyn said, "Bill here is Tammy's husband. Tammy loves big cock! You wouldn't think that a girl so tiny could take so much of a monster prick like that, would you? Well there's your proof."

Tammy had a rhythm going now and was taking eight inches with slow, calculated strokes. I could hear the slurping noises as the two people fucked on the floor in front of me.

BETHANY

WHITE'S
SO
RIGHT



Tell me, do you like white, Mister? Little white bunny socks, so clean and innocent on tiny size six feet? And how about white cotton panties, the kind real girls wear under their short summer skirts? You wouldn't be one of those older guys who hang around the campus green straining their eyes when girls like me lounge on the grass, would you? Oh, I know you guys! You with your thinning hair and your little pot bellies, starting to go to seed even though you're making so much money in your old executive job. Your wife is real fashionable, I'll bet, but she doesn't have a butt like mine, does she? Her thighs aren't firm and springy like mine with a soft light down of girl-fuzz that's so blonde and silky she doesn't even have to shave it off. If your old wife lay on her tummy in the grass and pushed her butt up in the air would the cheeks stand up like round jiggy scoops of jelly? I'll bet it wouldn't or you wouldn't be so interested in staring at my plump little ass with your tongue hanging out that way and with such a yum-my big bulge in your pants.

"You know, it turns me on to see you get so excited about my firm young thighs and my round little butt, especially knowing that it's a total sin for you to be lusting after a girl like me when you have a wedding ring on your finger. What would his wife think if she saw him staring up my skirt?" I think as I spread my legs a little wider while I lie in the grass between classes—you might remember that I'm a medical student from my last appearance in LEG SHOW. I can feel that my panties have snuggled up into the crack of my ass and I know you can see just about all my ass cheeks now as I spread my legs wider and the breeze lifts the hem of my little skirt higher still. I kick off my tiny Keds sneakers and spread and curl my toes in my white socks. Mmmm, it feels so good, almost as good as having your eyes glued to them, sensing how hard your penis is now. I really like it when you play with your penis through your pants. 'Oh, shoot,' I say in my mind. 'Please shoot your goo all over your shorts, Mr. Businessman. Can't you see how damp my white cotton panty crutch is getting?' It almost feels like you've already cum on my panty crutch, it's so wet. Please shoot for me now before I cum myself right here in the grass!

"Mmmm, did that make you mess yourself? Well, I'll just slip off my white cotton panties and wipe the mess up with it. Then you can take my panties home with you to remember me by. Oh, and I could use a nice contribution to my education fund, by the way, since I'm so young and poor and you're so old and rich. And we wouldn't want your wife to find out about you and me and my white cotton panties, would we? Hee hee!"

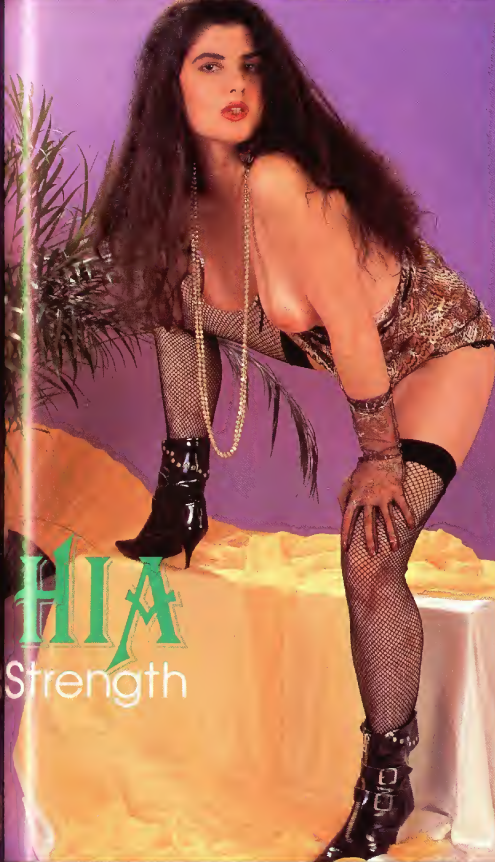






SOPHIA

Woman's Strength



You all know Kellie Everts don't you? She's appeared in LEG SHOW a few times. She makes some really nasty videos, which she's most famous for, but she also has a very special understanding in spiritual matters. She said that God came to her and took her to purgatory and showed her an image of a woman. This woman was the strong woman who was to lead humankind back to a sane way of life. She had powerful legs, because as Kellie was told, legs represent a woman's firm contact with the earth and earthly pleasures, but she also had hair on her legs. Kellie questioned why the woman was so hairy and was told that hair represents a woman's strength and shaving her hair off, as most women do, was a custom instituted by men to strip woman of her power over them and keep her in line. That struck a nerve in me and I haven't shaved a hair on my body since hearing that. "Not all men can handle my very hairy legs, cunt, ass and armpits. I was shocked myself at how much hair I had after so many years of shaving, but I'm also very turned on by my own hair. It's not at all coarse, but feels like fine soft satin to me. I love to run my hands up the crack of my ass when I masturbate and tangle my fingers in the moist tendrils. I can

actually twine my fingers in the hair so that I can pull my cheeks apart by it. That's when I long for a face to engulf in my pungent, sweaty crack. Having more hair means having more scent, and the smell of my own ass drives me wild with lust. If you've never had the balls to bury your face in a chick's ass you may think it smells like shit back there. That isn't the case. Ass smells like cunt, but infinitely better. It has all the sweet hormonal tang of pussy, but with an extra salty, heady smell that's as primal as sex gets. I'd love to squat over you on my powerful, hairy legs and lower my ass to within an inch of your nose. Yes, I'd expect you to snake out your tongue and part the thick forest surrounding my brown pucker. As soon as I felt your hot wet tongue on my asshole I'd lower myself all the way, forcing my hole to open around your erect, probing mouth muscle. My strong cheeks will clamp over your face, embracing you, consuming you, as I bring myself off on your nose and in your mouth. You'll be bathed in my powerful womanly scent, which I'll probably find so compelling I'll have to help you lick it off your face, while I jack you off between my strong hairy thighs.

"Yeah, I know a woman like me takes some getting used to, but once you feel the power, baby, I don't think you're going to go back to the wimpy weaklings."





PAWN TICKET

(continued from page 62)

ting before her on the floor as her roommate came in. She looked at me and slammed the front door shut. She threw off her coat and walked over to stand over me.

"My God, Vicki," she yelled. "This is that perverted old bastard who's been spying on us. What the hell is going on?"

"This is Harvey, my new foot slave," Vicki said calmly.

Helen showed nothing but disgust for me. "Well, if you have to have your playthings... but I want nothing to do with this."

I felt like the old fool I was as I watched Vicki's roomy walk into the bedroom and slam the door.

"Don't worry about her, honey," Vicki told me. "I can handle her. She lets me do what I want, with a little coaxing."

That sounded familiar. But I didn't care now, anyway. I wanted Vicki so badly. She was young and vivacious and I needed someone besides Hillary now.

Vicki sent me home, but we made another date. I went to my apartment and another boring evening. That night the girls kept the lights out and Hillary came home late.

Hillary went out the next afternoon to meet one of her lovers. She met him in a motel room and, after sex, took the money and left. She was excited. All the time she had been seeing men, they were paying her. She had saved every penny she had earned. She had been paying it all on an expensive sable coat she wanted. Now she had enough for the final installment.

Hillary paid for the coat. She insisted that it be wrapped in plain brown paper. She knew that if she came home with this expensive coat she would have to explain where she got it. Hillary had a plan all worked out. Her dumb fucking husband was so stupid he would never catch on.

She planned on pawning the coat, then telling Harvey that she had found this pawn ticket on her way home from work. She would give him the ticket and tell him to stop at the pawn shop to pick up whatever it was and bring it home. Maybe it would be something of value, maybe not.

Hillary pawned the package. Then she hurried home. Later, when Harvey came home from the office, she told him about the found ticket, gave it to him, and told him to stop off and get whatever it was the next day on his way home from work.

The following day Hillary couldn't wait for her dumb husband to get off work and get his ass home. God! She had saved so long for the coat and she wanted to put it on and feel the luxurious fur around her and see herself in the full-length mirror.

"Vicki made me crawl after her nyloned legs as she walked."

I was only a few minutes late getting out of the office. I took a cab directly to the pawn shop. I got this plain brown wrapped package as Hillary had instructed me and walked the short way to the apartment. As I neared the building, I saw Vicki coming home. I hadn't seen her in a few days, and she looked stunning. In the elevator she moved close to me and kissed me fully on the mouth. She smiled and winked at me. "What's in the package, honey, a present for me?"

"Ah, no, not really," I said. "Actually, I don't know. Yesterday, my wife found this pawn ticket on her way home from work. She gave it to me and I picked up this box."

"Mmmm, so neither of you knows what's in the box," Vicki said quietly.

"No," I told her.

She grabbed my arm and whispered softly in my ear. "I want you to come up to my place while before you go home."

"I can't, Vicki," I told her. "My wife is waiting for me."

"Fiss on her, Harvey!" Vicki told me forcefully. "You've got to see what a bitch she is. Let her fuckin' wait! I'm your mistress now, Harvey, and you're my pussy whipped slave, my helpless little footboy!"

"You're right, Miss Vicki!"

Inside Vicki's apartment, she gave me a drink on the couch. She went to the kitchen table and carefully began untying the string and taking the paper from the package.

I heard her and went into the kitchen. "What are you doing?"

"Don't worry, honey," Vicki proceeded. "No one knows what's in the—oh, my God! Look, baby! It's a gorgeous sable coat!"

Vicki pulled it out of the box. "Hold it, lover!"

Before I could say anything, Vicki was taking off her dress. She tossed off her bra and panties. She stood before me, smiling, wearing only her black garter belt, dark nylon, and black heels.

I couldn't resist slipping the coat on her. She held it tightly around her. Then she came to me, opened it, and enfolded us both in it.

"I want it, my slave," she whispered kissing me with lots of tongue and rubbing against me.

"What about Hillary?"

"She'll never know, baby," Vicki left me and went to her closet. She took out an old ratty coat of hers. She came back to the

kitchen table and carefully wrapped up her old coat in the box. She tied the string just like it had been.

Then she guided me into the living room. She told me to undress. When I was naked she pushed me down to the couch and mounted me. We fucked, enveloped in the soft sable coat. It was fantastic!

We finished just as Helen walked in on us. I quickly dressed. Vicki told her roomy that I had just given her this fabulous coat. "Isn't it just fantastic?"

Helen looked at me, at Vicki, and at the coat. "It really is something. I'm sorry, Harvey, I guess I had you all wrong. You're a sweet, generous, wonderful old pervert, and for a present like that you can worship my feet, too!"

I smiled and hurriedly left. I carried the package to our place. When I opened our apartment door Hillary was all over my ass.

"Jesus, Harvey," she hollered. "Where the hell have you been? I've been waiting for you, expecting your worthless ass home long ago. Give me that package!"

Hillary grabbed the package from me and began madly tearing off the string. She tore off the paper and put the box on our dining room table. She took a deep breath before she opened it.

She removed the top of the box and went to reach for it. She stopped. She stared down at the old, wrinkled coat. There was dead silence.

Then, slowly, Hillary let out a low wail. It was a scream, a cry of pain! I stared at her. She was coming unglued, losing it.

"What's the matter, dear?" I asked.

"This... this was the box from the pawn shop!" she cried.

"Yes, of course," I said. "What did you expect?"

"Oh, shit!" she bellowed. "I... I... fuck!"

Hillary threw the box with the old coat on the floor. She ran into her bedroom and threw herself on her bed, sobbing.

I couldn't help but open the door a bit, wondering what had come over her. I heard her babbling between the walls. "All that time... all that money... all that fucking! My sable coat is gone!"

Suddenly, I understood. I quickly closed the door. When I was down the hall, I couldn't help but laugh. It might have been a cruel price to pay, but if anyone deserved it, it was Hillary.

And I was in solid now, with Vicki and Helen. Maybe a divorce wouldn't be too bad. I'd have to see my lawyer in the morning.

I filed for divorce and about two months later, Vicki and I were going into our building when we saw Hillary. Vicki was wearing her beautiful, expensive sable coat. Hillary saw us and began running toward us, screaming obscenities as the elevator door closed and we headed up to Vicki's apartment.

Funny how a little thing like a pawn ticket can change a person's life.

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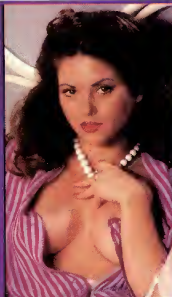
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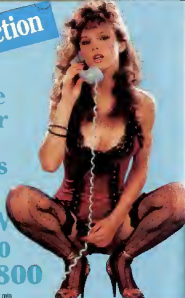


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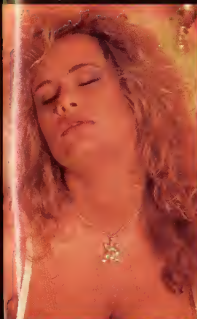


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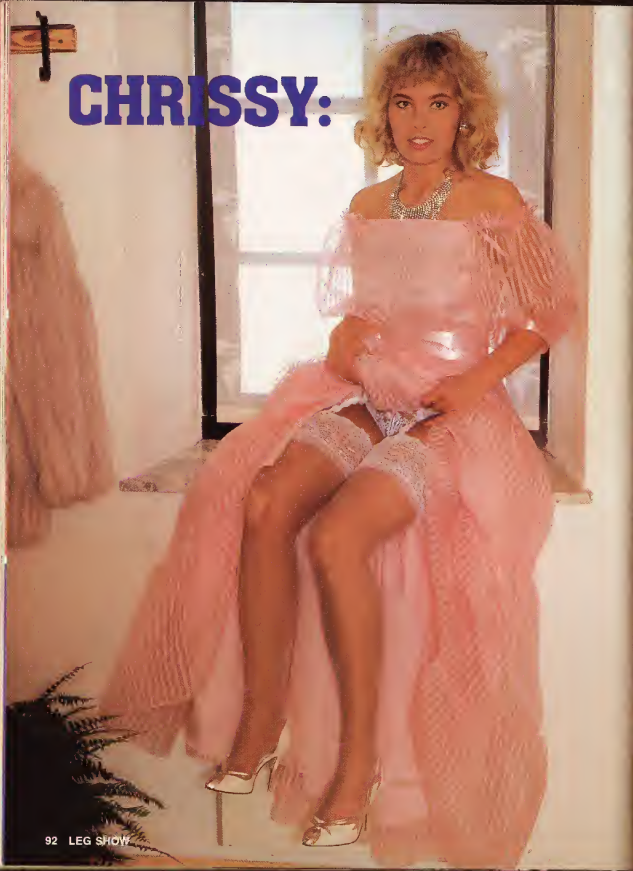
to a girl who has alot

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CHRISSY:



**SUPER
GREAT**



Okay, two super things about turning eighteen. First, Mom can't say anything about me posing for naked magazines, which is a really cool thing for me. And two, in my state I can go in bars now. It's not like I'm some super heavy drunkoholic or anything, it's just that cool things happen in bars and I want to be part of the cool stuff that happens in this world. Just to show what I mean, let me tell you about the freaky cool thing that happened already.

"It was prom night and I had a date with the bitchenist guy ever. I had wanted him to take me out forever and finally he asked me to the prom. We went with my two friends Lisa and Jennifer and their dates and after the prom, which was kid stuff, really, we went to a bar because we are all eighteen now.

"So I'm at the bar in my prom dress, just like you see me in here. I mean, this is my real prom dress, 'cause I wanted you to really feel it like it happened. I'm on a bar stool and I have my dress pulled up and my legs are crossed and I'm just there dangling my shoe, playing with it the way I love to do. It's way out on the end of my big toe and I'm flipping it around because I'm real good at it and I'm admiring my own foot because it looks so pretty in the shiny stockings Mom lent me for the prom. I'm not used to stockings so I guess I had my skirt hiked a little high and you could see the tops of the stockings where the garter belt hooks were. Anyway, Jennifer nudges me and points to this old guy, like forty or so, and he's staring at my foot like he's going to have a heart attack, all red in the face and breathing heavy and she whispers, 'Look at his thing!' and he had a woody in his pants as big as my arm!



"Well, I may be only 18 but I know a lot of things and I know that man had a thing for my feet and I decided to have some fun. I flipped my foot and the shoe fell off on the floor. I thought he'd fall out of his chair, especially when I called, 'Hey Mister, you with the boner, come pick up my shoe!' My date and Jennifer and Lisa were

cracking up, but he slithered down off his chair and came right over. I pushed him down on his knees and as he picked up my shoe I put my sweaty stocking foot right on his lips. 'Kiss it', I said, 'Kiss it and admit that you like feet to all my friends here.'

"He was probably drunk, but he did more than kiss



my foot. He sucked the toes all in his mouth like he was trying to swallow my foot right up. My date was laughing so loud and calling him a wimp and stuff, but I just sat there and finished my drink like this happened all the time and made him suck the other foot too. I even took off my stockings since they were so wet and icky from his



mouth and stuffed them in his pocket as a souvenir before we left. My friends really got a laugh out of the whole thing and so did I. And you know what? I think I'll go back to that bar and see if that guy comes around. It's so super great to be eighteen."



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Back
To The
Changing
Room





The photographer asked me to tell about this one. I'm the guard for the lady's changing room and he and I have gotten to be pretty good friends. In exchange for letting him come in my room behind the two-way mirrors to watch the ladies take their clothes off, he taught me how to use the camera. Roy was he ever nice about it. He helped me set it up so I can take pictures too, and that's what we got here.

I started taking pictures because I saw it was two ladies in the booth. One sat down right away and her back was sort of towards me so I couldn't get a good look at her, except that she slipped her shoes off right away. The other lady was pretty cute and had on high heels and pretty underwear under her sheer pantyhose. I like the way the panties hike up in her butt crack under the pantyhose. And then I noticed the other lady was playing footsie with her! 'Oh my lord, could I have a couple of lesbians here?' I thought. Yeah, I had to touch myself through my uniform. As she kept undressing I could see clearly that she was showing off for her friend, displaying her body. 'Oh please,' I was whispering. 'Oh please get it on with each other.' I saw that happen once before in my booths, but the girls weren't as pretty as this one. I was hoping the other one was at least as cute.

Then she started stripping out of those pantyhose. She had to have sex in mind, as ladies never do that just to try on clothes. I speeded up on my organ, getting close to popping. She put her foot up on her friend's knee and my first thought was, 'Maybe they're foot fetish lesbians,' and then my second thought was, 'Her friend doesn't shave her legs too well.'

And right then it happened. The friend stood up and the cute girl sat down and up went the friend's skirt and she had a boner bigger than mine! Yep, they were planning to have sex, but not like I'd expected. In a minute the girl had the guy's pantyhose down and gave him quite a blowjob, which made me pop even if it was a big surprise.

'That's my story. Just goes to prove, all kinds of people like pantyhose.'





SWM, 25, would like to meet women 18-35 who enjoy having their bare feet massaged and worshipped. Please send replies to: John A., P.O. Box 2224, Livonia, MI 48151.

LHB, June '91 issue—we are a couple, 28M and 35F. We've seen your photos and I love your legs and spikes. My girlfriend is in for it too. She's a little bit shy, though she is shy. Let's help her. Please write. We're in Europe, P.P. & H.I., Neakalante 88 D, 17, 3300 Tampere, SF Finland.

Very attractive fashion business oriented single latin male, Age 27, 195 lbs., 6'3" looking for sexy girlfriend to communicate with on a pen pal basis and maybe even more. Presently incarcerated, but will be out very soon. Please send picture, Oscar Badille, 10000, Drawer 8, A-4-180, Starmarie, NY, 12582-0302.

I would like to exchange any type of erotic photos, especially legs, garter belts, high heels, and lingerie. Each photo received will get a photo in return, one for one. L.S., P.O. Box 1334, Lee Summit, MO 64663.

MJS and LHB, June '91, make my day and I'll make yours. Would love to exchange photos. Please contact: J.W., P.O. Box 4676, Waltham, MA 02254.

M/W/C wants to exchange photos with same. For fun only. If wife is a full figured girl, that's even better. Into pretty feet, legs, big breasts, and ample rear end. Full figured girls be proud. R.L., 649 E. 22nd St., Box 79, Carson, CA 90745.

Heather M. from July Leg Forum and Jim & Lori same issue Home Photos—would love to receive photos. Also, any other young ladies with sexy legs and asses, feel free to send photos to: A.S., Box 494, Marysville, MO 64668.

SWM, 35, wants to meet with toe teasing ladies who live in Maine. Get your girlfriends together and I will smell and lick your nylon clad feet while I masturbate. Want to suck on your toes and cum on them. Want to sniff out your shiny pumps also. Write: Steve Robinson, R.F.D. #1 Box 380, Bradford, Maine, 04410.

Attention all crossdressers: I'm interested in exchanging photos, along with erotic letters. Send photo with letter to: John R., P.O. Box 1086, Dale City, Virginia 22193.

To Ray Stuart: Please contact me about how to meet more of your photos. Also, this SWM, 32, would like to correspond & meet ladies in my area for pantyhoes please. Write: Bobholder, P.O. Box 649, Lorain, OH 44052.

Handsome 29 yr. old white male desperately seeking correspondence from AAA Brides, NY, in April '91 issue. You're both beautiful. Would eat the both of you. Love to see her in panties. Please correspond. My wife joins in. Roman Charles, P.O. Box 171, Menard, IL 62259.

M/W/M—NYC area, would like to service feet and legs of any female needing pampering. Available upon written request. Photo would be nice! Write: M.T., 61, 8th Street, Suite 224, N.Y., N.Y.

Both: still love your photos, but I don't get it on just shoes. Send a return address so I can show you exactly what I like. Shots from behind of bare soles would be my nice. Sole love Rick, P.O. Box 1338, Chicago, IL 60611.

Ladies Only: Do you enjoy a man worshipping your pantyhoes? I'm a fan of feet and I'm a fan of you. I'd like to see your photos. I'm having a sexy lady wrap her nylon clad feet around my cock and making a spurge. Let me fill your used pantyhose with my cum. P.O. Box 269, Bellcamp, MD 21017.

SWM, 24 yrs. old, I'm bisexual and would love to hear from other ladies interested in sexy female feet. Also guys who know what to do with sexy feet and hot bodied PORN or SASE please. C.E., Box 334, Franklin, TN 37064.

NYC Area: What if you could safely act out your favorite fantasy? Bright, handsome WM, early 30's, seeks others into power exchange, feet, fantasy enactment. Can perform, assist, or just observe. Any and all considered, just be healthy, intelligent, attractive, and for real. 1, 28 Vesey Street #251, N.Y. 10007-2906.

Attractive WM, early 30's, would like to correspond or buy photos of women's bare or nylon clad feet. I enjoy trading and buying sole photos the most. Enjoy women of any size or age. Send lady for feet fun. Barry, P.O. Box 234, Bowling Green, KY 42302-4233.

Ray Stuart—Your Changing Room pictures were hot. If you have any pics to sell please contact me. I have nothing much to sell at present. P.O. Box 554, Newark, NJ 07109-554.

Tattooes? Very cute, fit SWM, 36, 5'9", is into ladies who are inked with tattoos, especially leg ink and/or thigh and ass. I'm playful and submissive and enjoy being teased with female feet and licking them clean. P.O. Box 4364, Hastings-on-Hudson, NY 10706.

IWM: I am seeking photos or videos of long, sexy, stocking clad legs splattered with black or stained with ink if possible. I will pay excellent prices for any of the two. Steve R., Zerkendorf Town, N.E. 11th Street, Suite 294, T.N., NY 10013.

SWM, 32, seeking possible relationship with "randy" type women. Age, color, not important. Love sucking pussy and being very open. Serious inquiries only please! Matthew S. Horn, 59-02 Montauk Rd., Area, Hawaii 96701.

36 yr. old W/M wants to trade nude & get the skirt pics of wife for same of your wife or girlfriend. Possible meet with area women for exhibitionism. No money, no post, sex optional. Enjoy masturbating you and for you. Send hot letter with pics or desires. Include SASE. J&R, P.O. Box 37, Clevedon, NJ 07021.

W/M, 32, first time, seeks correspondence & letter exchange with ladies who like their feet serviced. Love smelly after work feet. Also, I have a lot of cash & pics for trade. Also, Heather M., July '91 issue. I believe you'd love to get a good write! Write: ST, P.O. Box 40269, Downey, CA 90239.

Attractive, full figured lady wants to meet and hear from any guy who enjoys the art of leg men to show her how to enjoy the art of leg men. Write: Amy, 1000, P.O. Box 319, Alsea, OR 97103-1039.

PERSONAL PLEASE

PERSONAL PLEASE is a ranked to help readers find each other for mutual satisfaction. It is not a free service for those selling photos, services or items of clothing. Ads of this nature will not be run, though readers should note it is possible for us to OWN RISK. Ads are accepted free of charge and must not exceed 50 words. ADS LONGER THAN

black cock throbs to fill every orifice of a hot white body. I want to cook with your dick. I want to watch it grow and erupt. I am for real and very horny. Bill, P.O. Box 4652, Rome, NY 13440.

Male, let this 25 yr. old male lick your very sweaty and pinky feet. Wish to correspond with and possibly have sex with very smelly feet. David Brossam, P.O. Box 635, Mattoon, IL 61938.

Genetous, sexy man desires woman for romance and trade to beach resorts. Also shopping for lingerie, high heels, bikini, and miniskirts. Couple welcome with very smelly feet. David Brossam, P.O. Box 635, Mattoon, IL 61938.

SM, 32, good looking with nice figure. Looking for a slender sexy female 18-42. Like heels, legs, skirts, lingerie, leather. Your pleasure is my treasure! Let's come together. Photo, phone optional. Privacy assured. Can host or entertain. J.F.W., P.O. Box 435, Lyons, IL 60534.

Published writer, 39, will correspond with dominant women and submissive men about female domination, foot worship, etc. Teases/masturbates easily welcome. Enclose two stamps and get my return address. P.O. Box 8496, Chicago, IL 60637.

SWM, 32, seeking possible relationship with "randy" type women. Age, color, not important. Love sucking pussy and being very open. Serious inquiries only please! Matthew S. Horn, 59-02 Montauk Rd., Area, Hawaii 96701.

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A submissive crossdresser named Sheila begs to hear from MJS Home Photos, June '91. Write: JPM, Box 5290, Santa Barbara, CA 93100.

Dear SL, please write. M&D, fabulous, love you. Topsy, I need you. Sacramento, Feb. '91 issue—gorgeous! No name in San Diego, Jan. '91 issue, sexy. Classy single man seeks classy people. J.W., Box 499, Depew, NY 14043.

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etc. D.H., P.O. Box 26521, Santa Ana, CA 92799-6521.

Seeking to meet attractive lady with great legs. I can show you how I make love to legs the right way. Send picture of you and your legs. Bare leg, in sundress or spikes. As for me, I am good looking, 6' 3", and tan. E.P., 625 W. Murray, #343, Visalia, CA 93291.

Anyone who enjoys foundation wear or pantyhose is welcome to write to me. Please include a SASE. Mr. L., P.O. Box 344, Tacone, NJ 07066.

Wanted: (G) Bissy Goddess (35-60) who demands service to her nyloned feet. Female into exaggerated, servile worship from her adoring submissive male. I'm white, generous, educated, 54, 6'6", 180 lbs., divorced. Correspondence and/or actual contact, permanent or light relationship recommended. P.O. Box 8086, Santa Cruz, CA 95061.

Wanted: Exhibitionist women in the Northeast, Boston/Norfolk area to film/tease/gorgeous panties and beautiful pussies in public for candid video tape. Beaches, beaches, beaches. Also mutual fantasy fulfillment. No solicitors or porn. DAE, P.O. Box 220, Fort Lee, NJ 07024.

M/W/Love a long leggy woman who knows how to use them. I travel from Maryland to

Memphis to Atlanta and everything in between. I need a hot lady who needs to be appreciated. Write: B. Thomas, P.O. Box 36282, Greensboro, NC 27438.

Danglers Wanted: SWM, 31, handsome & enthusiastic seeks all well-heeled teasers for heated, mutually satisfying sessions. Heather M., July '91 issue—how "bout ya? Photo appreciated. Boks, Box 414, Shopton, NJ 08068.

SWM, 26, with foot fetish looking to correspond with women all ages and races who enjoy having their feet worshipped. I love pantyhose and stocking clad feet and feet. Please respond with photo and letter. Rick Bartels, 304 Skyview Rd., Westminster, MD 21157.

Whore wife and voyeur husband wish to trade photos and videos with all. Wife always dresses in garters, heels, and stockings. What you wish to receive. Write: Wd1, P.O. Box 713, Gastonia, NC 28033.

SWM, 27, a fan of women's painted toenails. Would like to hear from women anxious to show them their painted nails. Race, age, size not important. BJ9, P.O. Box 12803, Seattle, WA 98111-4805.

Attn: Michelle Footslave in July Leg Forum. I'm horny and pics were great. Would love to see more in the future and correspond. Benny, #119, 633 Franklin, Nutley, NJ 07110.

PERSONAL SERVICES

This new section is for people with services to sell. Be advised that you will not be asked for money when you answer these ads, and LEG SHOW cannot be responsible for quality or delivery of these goods. If you would like to place an ad in PERSONAL SERVICES, please contact:

Alan Stone, c/o LEG SHOW, 642 Broadway, Suite 4000, New York, NY 10013 for details.

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GREAT AMATEUR PHOTOS of me that my husband has taken. Lots of feet, sexy lingerie. For info and sample, send SASE and \$2 to Sue Ellen, P.O. Box 243, Red Wing, MN 55066.

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NYLON LEG GLAMOUR WHISKEYS: Cuffs off or on, you choose. Monthly teases, photos, pretty faces, calves, ankles, toe cleavage close-ups, pedis and dangerous dangling while encased in full-fashioned or reinforced toe stockings. Info and photo: send \$2 to Vigdanes, P.O. Box 322, Hampton, NJ 08037.

SWINGERS' MAGAZINES: America's number-one swing magazine with uncensored photos of sexy ladies in lingerie. Your personal guide to meet the REAL people from coast to coast. (No minors. Age statement and signature required.) Send \$14 (postpaid) to M. SALES, 1800 Market, #24-L, Emeryville, CA 94608.

WRINKLED SOLES, DIRTY SOLES, CLEAN SOLES: Color photographs of my beautiful bare feet. Four photos \$3 L.C., P.O. Box 343, Hollywood, CA 90028.

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ping (UPS) and handling. Discreet package. Capital Shoes, P.O. Box 10433 Springfield, IL 62791-1043.

SLUT WHORE, CUNT BITCH, TEASE! I'm all of them and proud of it! Married women want you to jack off to my photos and videos. Will tease in person if nearby. Sample set \$3. Mandy, Box 236, Cary, IL 60013. IT'S FINALLY BEEN DONE! I'm sharing my husband's "Shoe Slave" magazine. Ladies! Plenty of views up your skirts with plenty of heels. Send age and more! One hour video, \$45. Send age Leslie, Box 227, Wauconda, IL 60084.

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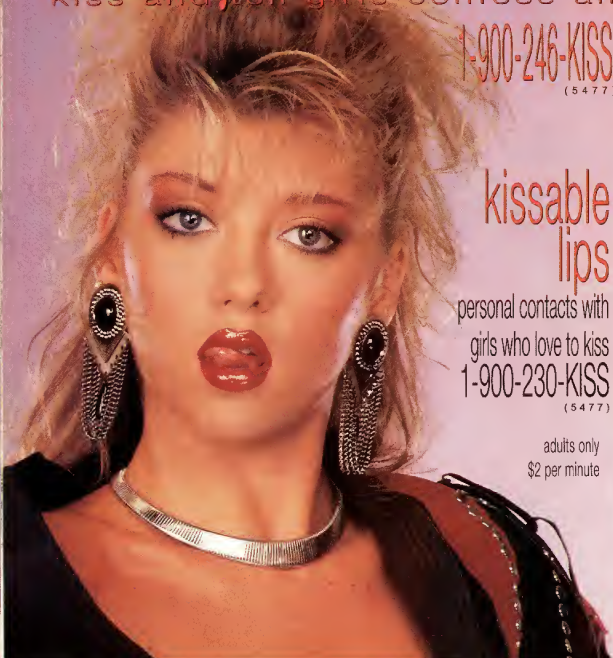
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